



# [private] July 11, 2008



Chaz  
 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>  
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MOOD: 😢 disappointed

MUSIC: Vienna Teng - The Tower

Okay, that was overdoing it. Definitely fun parts, but outnumbered by the ones in which there were too many people too close, too much input. And I wore out fast. Not just physically (though, yeah, *no* endurance; even standing in line was tough), but mentally, too. I was trying so hard to seem almost-back-to-normal and not-a-source-of-worry, and it wore the batteries down like whoa.

So I sucked at PT this morning, because I was exhausted and underslept and hurting. Also angry and depressed because I felt picked on by the mean ol' universe that can't even let a guy go out to a midnight movie without kicking him for it. (I got surly at Mark. Not his fault.)

But damn it, I wanted to do one thing I would have done before-- hang with the gang, get a beer, go to a movie, stay up late. Something I didn't use to think twice about. It was stupid, and I shouldn't have tried to do it yet, but I really really wanted to.

When I was in the hospital, I thought, "When I get off the NG tube, things will go back to normal." Then it was, "When I get home, things will go back to normal." Now it's, "When I get off the AZT," "When the cast comes off."

Things are definitely not back to normal. I'm scared they'll never get there. Normal seems like a million miles from here.

Maybe I'm defining "normal" wrong. I keep thinking normal will be when it seems as if it never happened. I need a new normal.

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[\[locked\] Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an

emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Puppet  
puppets. Scary.

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